The Best of /r/LetsNotMeet

Volume I: The First Four Years

Published by the mods of /r/LetsNotMeet
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Smashwords Edition

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Foreword

Wow. It's hard to believe that /r/LetsNotMeet (or LNM, as I affectionately refer to it) is turning four years old. I remember finding it shortly after blue_tidal's Smiling Man encounter was published, as I suspect many others did. I spent days reading through every story that had ever been published, mostly in dark rooms lit only by my computer screen (which only made every story creepier, and, in retrospect, may have been an unwise idea). And then I was invited to mod LNM, which I've continued to do now for a few years, along with an amazing team of people who have invested so much time and energy into making LNM better every day. It's had its ups and downs, but it's been so much fun watching the community grow and expand.

Throughout all these years, I've always been proud of the community on LNM. The success of LNM is largely due to the awesome community, where people offer advice, help, and humor to keep the stories from getting too dark. The rest of the success of LNM is due entirely to the wonderful writers who have graciously turned some of their darkest and scariest moments into wonderful pieces of writing to entertain and caution everyone else. Without the community and the writers, LNM wouldn't exist, and our success is entirely due to them.

This ebook contains some of the all-time most-upvoted and loved stories from /r/LetsNotMeet. While we would have loved to include every one of the top twenty-five stories, the shifting sands of Reddit and the nature of throwaway accounts unfortunately made it impossible to obtain reprinting permissions from every author. You can—and should—read those which were not included here by going to reddit.com/r/LetsNotMeet/top. The stories that are included here have also been edited slightly from their original form, just for general clean-up or to make them fit better as standalone pieces bereft of their comment sections.

Thanks for four years, LNM, and here's to another four.

-/u/10thTARDIS

The Weirdo at McDonald’s

(AKA: The Day I Lost Some of my Innocence)

/u/Lectra

When I was growing up, my dad and I lived with my grandparents. My parents had me while they were teenagers, and my dad got full custody because he lived with my grandparents and my mom was just living with random friends, going from house to house every few weeks. I was the daughter my grandparents never had, and they doted on me. When I was 6, my grandpa passed away from cancer. This story takes place about 5 months after he passed away.

This was, I believe, a Saturday, and my dad was at work. My Gram decided to take me to McDonald's for lunch and, like any 6 year old, I was really excited. So we go to the McDonald's that was about a mile and a half from our house, order our lunch, and sit down at a table to eat. At the time we were the only ones eating inside.

About 10 minutes after we sit down, a scraggly looking man walks in, orders a meal, and sits down at the table diagonally in front of us to the left. The area we lived in was middle and upper middle class, so this guy looked pretty out of place. Gram had her back to him but I could see him perfectly. This man was at least in his mid-50's, with really wiry/scraggy and dirty white hair and beard. He had on blue shorts and a white T-shirt, also kind of dirty, and sandals. It's amazing, this happened 21 years ago and I can remember it like it was yesterday.

So, I notice that, under the table, this man had something dark pink and wrinkly on his lap, and he kept glancing at me and rubbing it every few seconds. In kindergarten, we learned about stranger danger and "good touch, bad touch" and learned which parts of our body people weren't supposed to touch. It clicked, in my 6 year old head, that this man was not supposed to have that out like that, nor doing what he was doing.

I got really queasy and nervous. I didn't want to tell my Gram right then and there because I thought the man would hurt us (if my dad had been there I would've said something because my dad was my hero and could take on anybody). Instead, I put my Happy Meal box in front of my face so my view of this guy would be blocked. I had about half of my food left but had lost my

appetite. Gram asked me if I was full and I just nodded yes. I was (and still am) very petite, so not finishing a full meal was nothing new for me. She asked me if I wanted to go play in the play area before we left, but I just shook my head and quietly said "I wanna go home." Gram cleared our table and we left.

When we got home, I was still really nervous and I felt like I was going to throw up. Gram asked me, "What's the matter, munchkin?" (her pet name for me). I started crying and told her about the man at the McDonald's and what I saw. My Gram didn't panic or freak or get hysterical, she just hugged me and said "It's alright, go on to your room and play, and I'll take care of it." She wiped my tears, gave me a blueberry Kool-Aid Burst, and told our dog, Patches, to go to my room with me, which she did.

After I was out of earshot, Gram called the McDonald's and told them about the guy. He was still there! The manager told Gram he'd take care of it and call her back. An hour later, the manager calls back and tells Gram they called the police, who showed up in record time and arrested the guy. When the police told the man to stand up, his frank and beans were still hanging out of his shorts. The manager also told Gram that she could bring me back for a month’s worth of coupons for free Happy Meals.

Dr. Ramsey

/u/sweetmercy

A week or so before my 10th birthday, I walked to the corner store with a $5 bill and picked up a jar of Ragu for my mom. On my way home, a man I'd never seen before fell in step with me and began talking.

"Hi!" he said, cheerfully. "My name is Dr. Ramsey. I'm a pediatrician. Do you know what a pediatrician is?"

I walked along silently, not replying and fervently hoping he would take that as a sign he should leave me alone. Subtleties were not his strong suit, though, because he kept right on chattering.

"Are your parents looking for a pediatrician for you? Of course, you're almost a big girl now, you'll be needing another kind of doctor soon, won't you? That's okay though. They can still bring you to me until then. What's your name? You have beautiful hair. I was just on my way to get some suckers for the candy jar in my office. Do you like suckers?"

Thankfully, we were nearing my house, so I ran forward, up the back steps and into through the kitchen door. I didn't know it then, but that was the beginning of a very long, very scary ordeal. It didn't take long after that for "Dr. Ramsey" to begin showing up. At first, it seemed benign enough...at least to a kid. He would drive by nearly every day, smiling and waving. I told my mom, who said maybe it was on his way home from work. But then, the phone calls began.

My dad called me into the living room, and sat me down. He asked about the day Dr. Ramsey followed me home, and if I talked to him. He said I wasn't in trouble, but that I needed to tell him the truth. I told him know, and he asked if I was sure...could I be forgetting something? I told him know again, and he frowned, then asked "Then how does he know your name?" I didn't know.

It turns out, that was not all he knew. He knew my sister's name as well. Pretty soon, neither my sister or I were allowed to answer the phone. He called several times a day; at first, neither of us knew what he was saying. Then, one night, one of my brothers told us that he was telling my parents that he was going to hurt me (and later, my sister).

Things got complicated after that. My dad had called the police, but as this was before there were any stalking laws, there was not a lot they could do. They told my parents to call back if he "tried anything". My dad then called a friend of his from back in the day, who happened to be a cop. For the next month, my dad's friend escorted me to and from school. Suddenly, life as I knew it came screeching to a halt. I couldn't walk to school alone, I couldn't play outside, I couldn't walk to SuperAmerica (sort of like a 7-11 for those who don't know).

When access to me was completely denied, things escalated. It was around this time he began threatening my sister as well. Then one afternoon my sister, two of my brothers, my mom and I were in the kitchen. One of my brothers saw a glimpse of someone in the garage; they'd seen him too. Dr. Ramsey came bolting out of the garage, my brothers chasing after him. They ran all the way to Cherokee Park, where he lost them in the trees. My parents called the police again, but nothing came of it. The only information they had was a description and a name that was almost certainly fake.

A couple weeks later, we woke to find our dog hanging from the side porch. She was a gorgeous saddle-back German shepherd, born the same day I was. We were all devastated. The cops said there was no evidence it was him, and ruled it accidental, but none of us believed that.

His phone calls became more informative in the meantime. He would talk about who was home, and who wasn't. If my brother would say my dad was home, he would tell him who was really in the house. He also would talk about the house itself...about the window in the kitchen he could easily open with a knife from the outside even when it was locked, and about the french doors that connected the living room to the side porch and how the lock could be finagled from the outside if you jiggled it just right. That night, my dad put in some carpenter nails at the bottom of the french doors until he could get a new lock ordered.

My parents had to go to a company event for my dad's work. My older brothers were at Saints West roller skating rink. My sister was on the phone with her best friend. My little brother was on the floor asleep. I was watching Devo on the Midnight Special with Wolfman Jack. It was late. Suddenly, the top of the french doors swung inward, and in the few miliseconds before the nails in the bottom caused them to snap back, I could see his silhouette. My sister whipped the phone at the television, and we ran up the stairs. About halfway up, we realized our little brother was still asleep on the living room floor. As quietly as we could, we slipped back down the stairs to get him. We all went into our bedroom and didn't turn on the light; this way we

could see outside. We watched out the window for a while, and when we didn't find him, we crept down the hall to our brothers' room to look. We looked down and could see someone standing at the backdoor. He knocked, loudly.

"What do you want?" my sister asked out the window. He stepped back and said "Is this the Mercy residence? I have a pizza for delivery. Can you come to the door?" She scoffed at him, declaring she was not stupid, she could see he didn't have a pizza, and she was calling the cops. He left.

A short while later, my brothers returned home. We told them what happened and they walked around the yard, watching for him. They came back in, and things settled down. By now we'd pretty much given up calling the cops because it never helped, so we just went back in, each of us (except my youngest brother, still asleep) carrying a knife from the kitchen "just in case". Eventually, one of my brothers went into the kitchen to get a bowl of cereal as a snack.

You know that sensation you get when you can just feel someone watching you? Yeah, he had that in spades. He kept looking around the kitchen, through the doorway into the dining room, at the windows. He didn't see anything, but he could still feel eyes on him, so he went closer to the door to try to see better. The kitchen lights were reflecting on the windows of the door (it had 3 rows of 3 windows), so he still couldn't see. He stepped closer, then closer again, until he was right up to the door, then cupped his hands on either side of his head so he could see. There on the other side of the window pane was Dr. Ramsey, smiling back at him. He turned to yell for my older brothers, and when he looked back again, he was gone. They went out again to look for him, but didn't see him.

The next night we were at the table playing crazy 8's, and my brother was restless. My sister asked him what's wrong, and he said he always felt like any minute now there would be a 'boom boom boom!' on a door or window. Almost immediately after he finished his sentence, "BOOM BOOM BOOM!" on the window right behind him. In the chaos, the two eldest ran out, but he was already gone.

A couple of weeks later, I was at school and we were outside on the playground during recess. I was swinging upside down when I saw that now-familiar blue Ford Galaxy cruising by, moving slowly. There he was, smiling and waving. He called my name, and I ran to the teacher and told her. The school had been told all about him, and she took me inside right away and

called my mom. That same day my mom had gotten a call from the school office asking her to verify that my dad was picking me up, as he'd called to say he was on his way. He wasn't.

Not long after that, I woke up one night, thirsty. I went down to the kitchen for a drink and there, sitting alone in the dark, was my dad. On the table, a gun. He was tired of the police waiting until Dr. Ramsey "tried something", he was tired of his children being terrorized, he was tired of being afraid every time he left for work that something would happen to us while he was gone. I sat with him for a time, watching, before he sent me back to bed.

These events, and many more, took place over a period of around 18 months. Then, as suddenly as it began, it was over. He had vanished from our lives; the phone calls, the drive-by with the creepy waves, everything. For a long time, during and after the Dr. Ramsey days, I would have a recurring nightmare in which I would wake up to find him standing over me as I slept. It took a long time before I felt like a kid again.

I found out years later that when he was calling, Dr. Ramsey would tell my parents that he was going to rape and kill me, and later my sister...and that there was nothing they could do about it. I don't know what happened to him when he disappeared. I don't know if he was in a car wreck, locked in prison, in a coma...but sometimes I wonder if the wait ended for my dad when he was sitting in the darkened kitchen one night. I don't know, and I'm not sure I want to.

I was the creeper

/u/GSilvermane

I am a 28 year old male living in the deep South. I am (now) a functional, medicated and therapy-attending paranoid schizophrenic. However, I wasn't always this way, and this story comes from a time before I ever even knew what was wrong.

It was about April 2007 when this happened. I had just come out of a painful divorce, and she had taken all of my friends away from me in the process. I was, obviously, trying to reach out to anyone I could, but I had severe codependency issues that I didn't know how to address. Anyway, I found myself wandering the games section of my local Wal-Mart, as I am still a gamer at heart, and had to see what was available. Things were going all right, and I seemed to be in control of myself.

Then he appeared.

This poor, unsuspecting soul started talking to me about World of Warcraft, which I happened to play. I perked up at this point, thinking I could make a friend, a new friend that hadn't been taken from me. We made casual jokes and talked about the new expansion (I can't remember if it had just came out, or if it was soon to come). At this point, his mother (he was probably about 18-20, judging by his appearance) came by and took him to another aisle. He didn't say goodbye, he just walked off, and like that, our conversation was through.

Well, in my mind, we had made a connection. We had bonded. In my sick, twisted state, I thought he would appreciate it if we hung out for a while.

So I followed him.

I made a point to casually stroll down the aisles that he happened to visit, and strike up conversations with him about different things, jokes, I can't remember. I could tell he was getting creeped out by the third time I had done this. He started getting this deer in headlights look every time he saw me, and it was starting to become a horror story, though in my eyes, it was perfectly natural.

At some point, however, his Fight-Or-Flight must have kicked in, because when I appeared, as soon as I opened my mouth to speak, he screamed "LEAVE ME ALONE!" and stormed off, dragging his mother as quickly as he possibly could.

This was a wake-up call for me, that I was being severely creepy, and also a stalker. I realized that this could very well be the behavior that caused my divorce in the first place.

I checked myself into a mental institution soon after, and got the help I needed. I am now significantly better, and my relationships with people have improved greatly. I now have good friends, and a loving fiancée.

Not all creepers mean to be creepy. Some of us just need the proper psychiatric help. On behalf of all the unknowing and good-intentioned creepers out there, I humbly and sincerely apologize for our behavior. It doesn't make it forgivable, but I hope it does give some context as to what goes on in the mind of a creeper.

I had to pretend she was my daughter

/u/DetBatman

I'm currently a uni student and on Tuesday nights I come home pretty late. Not late enough that my parents would call the police, but just missing the regular bus times. Anyway, as luck would have it I managed to catch the very last bus one Tuesday night after getting to the station and typically it's nothing to be worried about. If you keep to yourself and stick to safe looking people, (e.g. other uni students, mothers, the bus driver) you'll be right. Growing up in a dangerous country and migrating to a much safer one hasn't rid me of those instincts. And that night I got all bad vibes and buzzy. Something was off about that evening and I didn't know what.

We get to the main stop – the shopping centre – and I find out that the bus has terminated its route. It's done for the night. Thanks, asshole bus driver. Well fuck. It's dark, it's late, I can't drive, my parents can't pick me up (they're at yoga), and I'm too broke to afford a taxi. So I decide to walk home. The exercise will be good for me.

Now from the shopping centre it would take me a good 20 to 30 minutes to reach my house if I powerwalked, I could probably run home but fuck that. When you leave the shops, if you follow the road there's a local catholic school, a public library, a public school and a few bus stops along the way. Near the library is a traffic intersection, the most brightly lit area of this entire road. But it's also a very small square. It's a joke, honestly.

As I'm walking it takes me less than a second to realize how fucking dark it was on that street. It was a bit creepy walking by the local Catholic school with their massive fucking crucifix in the middle of a huge mass of land. In front of me is the girl who looks about my age, Asian, and she's walking fairly quickly. Understandable. From the corner of my eye across the road I see a man kind of half-jogging, half-walking, and I'm not sure what he's up to but it was just weird. I kept an eye on him and the girl. At the intersection, my friend is there and he greets me enthusiastically, a hug and a kiss on the cheek. He momentarily distracts me from the weird running dude and the girl. Between my friend and I greeting each other, I completely miss when

the guy crossed the street and is in my path. My friend turns out to be a douchebag friend and just leaves even after I've told him about the weird dude.

I'm not far from the creep and the girl now but he's talking to her. And if a guy has any common sense he will not speak to a girl/woman while she's alone at night because we've all heard the horror stories. By this stage I've quickened my pace into a sprint, holding onto my backpack so that my laptop inside won't make so much noise and I'm assessing my very limited options on how to save this poor woman. I'm a very small, very unintimidating Asian girl, and the guy looked taller the closer I got. I felt very tiny and incredibly stupid for doing this because I was still kind of far but I have crazy good eyesight sand the streetlights were hitting his face so I could make it out accurately enough in case I needed to identify him.

He was a white male, early 30s to 40s, brown hair, wearing glasses, striped long-sleeved top and brown khakis. His eyes were really big though, kind of like that face you make when someone surprises you with something particularly scandalous.

And I come up with what was probably the most stupidly brilliant plan I've ever concocted. I kind of stand there, hoodie on, feet apart, hands on my hips and my best, loudest, impersonation of an older Filipino woman getting mad at her child with the strongest accent I could. Honestly if I were a bit taller I might not have gotten away with this.

"HOY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HUH? YOU WERE SUPPOSE TO BE HOME ALREADY! AND TALKING TO A BOY HUH AND HE'S WHITE! EXCUSE ME LOOK AT ME WHILE I'M TALKING TO YOU I DID NOT RAISE YOU LIKE THIS"

And I don't remember exactly word for word what I say but I'm basically copying whatever my mum says when she's angry with me. The entire time I'm yelling I can see the guy trying to inch away and the girl looks so bewildered, like a deer caught in headlights. At this stage honestly I'm expecting her to run away. I turn to the guy.

"AND WHERE YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING HUH, PUTANG INA I WILL CRUSH YOUR TITI"

HE FUCKING RAN FOR IT. Like I swear, it was like watching a cartoon.

The girl was still standing there and I took off my hood and waved to her. I was still far away and asked if she was alright, in my regular, not very Filipino accent. She was just staring at me. I apologized if I scared her but I had to get him away because my younger sister would tell me about a creepy guy that corners young girls in the park not far from where we live.

Anyway, we hugged and exchanged names and numbers and now we're basically friends forever. It turns out that she doesn't live very far and didn't even realize what was happening until she couldn't get away from the creep. I ended up walking her home and from there, her older brother dropped me off. We called the police while we walked to her place.

When we retold the story to our families, at this stage I'd very correctly assumed they were filo as well so communication was easy, they banned us completely from taking the bus past 7. I was reluctant in telling my friends this because I knew they'd laugh but it was such a serious thing! What if I wasn't there? As comical as that sounded, she was really shook up but very relieved and grateful, she kept hugging me and stuff. Which is weird. I don't usually hug strangers.

Police later stopped a nondescript station wagon about 20 minutes down the main road, in it was a man matching my description. They searched his car and found a few photos of girls in the glove compartment and even more on his phone. They were all Asian. Specifically Filipino. Months later after I found out about this, mum tells me that they actually found photos of my sister and I. It made me shudder. If that creep ever came near my little sister I would fuck him up.

It's very important to note that the only reason why we got such detailed and updated information was because, being the daughter of a surgeon and a lawyer, my parents have connections. And they use them accordingly. If it were different, we would have gotten soothingly vague at best.

No Good Deed Goes Unpunished

/u/scrambled_debutante

This happened in the fall of 1993, when I was 20 years old. In the interest of context, this was before I started college, and I was working in the material prep department of a plastics factory on the night shift. I was the only woman in the department, and my male coworkers were initially skeptical that I could handle the job, but I proved myself and earned their respect. It was hard work, but on the plus side it also put me in the best shape of my life. It was also about this same time that I'd dumped my abusive boyfriend; he was verbally, emotionally, and physically abusive, as well as an alcoholic. This fact, more than anything, is probably why I got myself into this situation in the first place.

I had just gotten off work, and it was about 1:30am. My car was running on fumes, so I stopped at a local gas station to fill up. While I was pumping gas, a woman about my age approached me looking nervous and scared. She said that she had been at her boyfriend's house, and they'd had a fight. She'd walked to the gas station to use the pay phone and call a friend to pick her up. On her way to the station, a car pulled up as she was walking and the guys inside started catcalling and harassing her. With a slight movement of her head she indicated a car that was parked off to the side by the gas station dumpsters. I saw a large light green car, like a Caddy or a Lincoln, with at least 2 or 3 shadowy figures inside. She said they threatened her, and she was too scared to call her friend and wait.

The woman was neat, well-dressed, and didn't seem high or drunk or anything like that… she just seemed really nervous and freaked out, so I didn't even hesitate. I finished pumping my gas and told her to hop in the car, that I'd take her home.

At that time on a weeknight, there was little traffic, so I booked it right out of the gas station and asked her where she lived. She kept twisting around in the seat to see if the car was behind us, and when I asked her to put her seat-belt on, she ignored me and kept looking for the car. I assumed she was just scared.

A few blocks down the road, however, I noticed she was looking around the car, and she started asking me about money, "Where's your purse? Where's your bag? I need money. You

need to give me some money." My stomach sank. I have this woman in my car, and now she's gonna rob me. Fuck. But when I thought about it, robbery just didn't make much sense. I was driving a 1985 Chevette (affectionately nicknamed "Shitbox") and was wearing my work clothes: a ratty T-shirt and jeans with combat boots. I did NOT look like a person with a lot of cash, primarily because I wasn't a person with a lot of cash.

She'd twisted around in the seat again and started yelling, "There they are! There they are!" She didn't sound scared anymore. I checked the rearview, and sure enough, the light green car is right behind me. She started cackling and bouncing up and down in the seat, "My boys are gonna FUCK YOU UP, bitch! They're gonna FUCK YOU UP!" She's laughing like crazy, opening the glove box, looking in the back for a bag or purse, telling me all the messed up shit these guys are planning to do to me.

Now, if I had been smart, I would have just driven to the police station. Actually, if I had been VERY smart, I would have called the cops from the gas station and waited with her until they arrived. That would have been the intelligent thing to do. Unfortunately, none of this crossed my mind until later. In the moment, I just got really, really fucking angry. I realized 3 key things all at once:

There was an intersection up ahead, with cars on either side waiting to cross, and the light had just turned yellow.

I had a spare box cutter that I kept for work in the driver's side door compartment.

The crazy bitch still hadn't put on her seat-belt.

I didn't think. I floored it and passed under the yellow light just as it turned red. I glanced back to see if the green car was still behind me, but the cross traffic at the intersection had started to move, and they hadn't caught up. The bitch started yelling; I slammed on the brakes and she hit the dash and windshield with a solid, and viciously satisfying, crack. When she rebounded to the passenger seat, I had the box cutter in her face and was screaming some serious bat-shit crazy. I can't remember exactly what I said, but it was along the lines of, "Get the FUCK OUT. Get the FUCK out of my car before I CUT OFF YOUR FACE AND MAKE YOU EAT IT, BITCH."

The crazy screaming and box-cutter combo worked. She grabbed blindly at the handle and popped the door open, and I started shoving and punching her until the bitch tumbled out the door to the curb. I stomped on the gas, got to the next turn and squealed around it with the

passenger door still open. I made a few more turns because I was afraid that the green car might catch up to me. After a little while I stopped to close the passenger door, and then I cut across town and got on to the highway to go home. I was on the highway for about 5 minutes before the shakes started. I pulled off to the shoulder to calm down and get my shit together, and then I drove home.

I told my older sister (I was living with her temporarily after the break-up with my ex) everything that happened. She wrapped me in a tight bear hug while simultaneously yelling about how stupid I was for not going to the police. I've never been so glad to be yelled at in my life.

Tl;dr - Woman plays "scared/harassed" card to lure OP into ambush. OP chooses bat-shit crazy over intelligence. It went okay.

Roommate Wanted: Female Only

/u/ScarsAndStripes

Amanda is my brother's girlfriend. At the time of this story, she was looking for her first apartment and moving out from her parents' house. Her and my brother didn't want to move in together since they had only dated for a few months. She opted instead to search for a roommate online. Browsing Craigslist, she found an ad titled something like "Roommate Wanted: Females Only." This sort of thing was common since the area she was looking in was mostly young professionals.

The listing was for a room in a house for about $225 a month, which was quite cheap compared to the most places listed. The occupant listed herself as a 23 year old college student that wasn't comfortable with living with any males. The other roommate would have their own room and attached bathroom. So far, Amanda was into this place. However, the listing only had a single photo from outside the property. Amanda sent an email wanting to meet the occupant and tour the house. Within 30 minutes, she receives an email back with all the details and time to stop by. The girl worked late hours and wanted Amanda to stop by at 8pm.

When Amanda arrives, there is a handwritten note on the front door saying "Door broken, use back door." Walking around the house, it looks nice but slightly unkempt: tall grass, weeds, dusty windows, etc. Still no alarms for Amanda though. When she knocks on the backdoor and an older man opens the door. At first Amanda thinks she has the wrong house but the man reassures her and says that the occupant (I forget the name) was out and he was the landlord. The occupant asked him to meet Amanda since she was working late. He seemed pleasant and offered to show her around.

Alarms start going off but aren't at red alert yet. First, the guy was clearly in his 40's, unshaven, and looked like he lived in his car. Also, only the kitchen light was on. As they walked around the house, Amanda noticed one huge red flag: No furniture. Nothing. The landlord was polite about answering questions but seemed irritable about keeping lights on for too long, rushing her around and only letting her look at rooms for a few moments. There was a single room that the landlord wouldn't open, telling her that it was the occupant's room and he didn't

want to invade her privacy. As they walk down the hallway into the living room, she notices the front door has a plank nailed across it. "Broken" for sure.

Amanda's creep-o-meter is started to ding so she decides to wrap up the walk-through and leave but trying to polite. As she's giving the guy her "thanks for the showing" bit, he perks up and states that he forgot to show her the basement. It's recently furnished and would be a great rec room...and she should take a look down there. At the time, Amanda and the landlord are standing in the small hallway between the front living room and the back kitchen. In this little hallway was the basement door. When he opens the door, it opens outward to create something of a barrier between Amanda and the backdoor. The basement is pitch black. He smiles, motions down the stairs, and says "Ladies first."

What happens next is nothing more than a stroke of luck. Amanda get a text just as some random person parks in front of the house. Thinking on her feet, she pretends it's a phone call and answers her phone. "Hey! Yeah, are you here? I'll come out from around back and let you in. It's great, you have to see it." With a motion of confidence, she excuses herself around the landlord and walks out of the back door. She says the guy just looked at her like he was confused. Once outside, she sprinted to her car and sped like hell out of there.

When Amanda got home, she told her mother and my brother everything. Cops were called, they took her statement, and went to investigate. The Craigslist post had been removed.

It turned out that the house had been foreclosed on over six months earlier, and the property had been abandoned. When the police investigated, they found that the closed room the "landlord" didn't want her to look in was where the man had been staying. There was a pile of old dirty blankets, rotten food, and empty gallon jugs everywhere. More creepy was he had plastered ripped up pages from porno mags on ALL the walls in the room (where do they even find porno mags!?).

The really scary part of this was the basement. The man had tied a thin piece of fishing twine at about shin level across the stairs about halfway down. The basement was empty except another pile of old blankets, a broom handle wrapped in leather belts, and a small box with a few rolls of assorted tape (duct, electric, etc).

Amanda ended up not moving in.

Backpacking in the Alabama wilderness

/u/cmvr2256

I've been reading stories on here for awhile now and figured I'd post my own. I had to get my brother to help recount this as I was 12 at the time (and scared shitless as a result).

This happened about 6 years ago, as stated I was about 12 and my brother was 26 at the time. My brother had been serving in the U.S. Army for several years when this happened and was deploying to the Middle East on his 2nd deployment if i remember correctly. Also of note was that he is a Green Beret and had recently (3 or 4 months prior to this trip) completed the Army Special Forces Qualification Course (Robin Sage and all that), and by then was an active duty SF Engineer Sergeant. Definitely not someone you'd want to fuck around with.

Given that we both grew up with a passion for the outdoors, he thought it would be nice to take me on a backpacking trip in northern Alabama (the Sipsey Wilderness for those familiar with the area) before he left for 9 months.

The trip had gone smoothly up until the 3rd night we were camping out. Around 8pm we had our camp set up, eaten dinner and were sitting by the fire talking about typical boy shit- guns, girls, etc.

For some reference, our spot was about 50 yards from a large stream, and about 50 yards downhill adjacent to the large path. Our camp, the stream, and the path formed a triangle of sorts.

This was summertime in Alabama, so it wasn't quite dark yet when two guys, who looked to be in their late 20s wandered up and ask if we had seen any hogs while we were hiking around. Given that this is rural Alabama, we actually had seen some farther into the wilderness area and told them so.

Even though they were relatively polite (my brother called them "good ole boys") I got a seriously creepy vibe from them-dirty clothes, greasy hair, scraggly facial hair, etc. I think they probably looked like they belonged in the movie "Deliverance."

They kinda hung out for a few minutes, maybe a little longer than they should have- looking around, asking us questions like how long we had been out there, how long we were staying, and what looked like them kinda sizing us up. They then abruptly said goodbye and walked away. I

didn't necessarily feel threatened by them, and I know for sure my brother didn't, but I still felt uneasy about the whole thing.

Fast forward 3 or 4 hours. My brother and I had gone to sleep and were nestled in our tent when I woke to the sound of multiple dogs barking. I've always been a heavy sleeper and they sounded like they were only about 100 yards away. My heart immediately started pounding and I kicked my brother through my sleeping bag and asked if he was awake/had heard the dogs. He responded "I'm awake, they've been getting closer for the past hour or so, just lay still and don't make any sounds." Needless to say, 12 year old me was about to shit my pants. We would also hear sporadic shouts from several different sources but neither came any closer. A few minutes later my brother whispered, "They're just hunting for hogs, they use the dogs to pin them down and then they shoot them." This gave me some relief, but not much. Somehow I managed to fall back asleep. The fact that they were doing this at night was a huge red flag my brother later told me, but I think he was just trying to keep me calm.

Fast forward what was probably another 3 hours, around 2am. I had managed to sleep pretty well after first hearing the hog hunters when I woke up to my brother squeezing my shoulder firmly, saying "wake up, put your shoes on quick and follow me, be as quiet as you can." My heart immediately went back to racing because I heard the dogs and voices in the distance, farther away than before but still distinct. Not asking any questions I did what he said and as soon as we were out of the tent he told me to get on his back (this was a breeze for him after rucking with God knows how much weight in the Army). We snuck about 50 yards into the woods towards the junction of the path and the stream and crawled into some bushes. It was up a hill so we had a pretty good elevated view of our campsite.

I remember as we were laying there how loudly I was breathing and how quiet he was when I heard the very distinct sound of a pistol slide racking. I looked over and my brother had his pistol (a HK USP that he gave to me a few years after this story took place) and was watching the campsite and surrounding area. I started to whisper to him when he put his hand over my mouth and pointed at the campsite.

The group of hunters had been steadily approaching our camp and by this time (30 or so minutes) had reached it. There were 5 of them and like 3 or 4 dogs. They all looked relatively young but two had either rifles or shotguns and the dogs were going crazy, obviously having smelled our scent.

For those of you who are backpackers/campers, nobody who comes up on a random camp in the middle of the night with dogs and guns and has good intentions. I knew this, and my brother knew this. I was scared shitless. I couldn't make out what they were saying, but my brother later told me they were talking about us, although he hadn't heard any specifics either.

They lingered for about 20 minutes shining flashlights around and talking to themselves when my brother put his mouth to my ear and said "If they come towards I want you to turn and run as quickly as you can, don't stop, don't look back, stay off the trail and look for the flashing lights" (I didn't know what he meant by this but that'll come later). I knew I could make it back because he had taught me 'land nav' pretty well. He then handed me a flashlight and told me not to take the red filter off. He told me later that the red filter helps preserve night vision and cuts down ambient light so it would be harder for someone to see from a distance.

At this point I was so scared I almost started crying, but at the same time had a rush of adrenaline and what I think now was confidence that he thought I could handle myself.

We laid there for a while longer when out of nowhere they started screaming "WHERE YALL AT?!?!" and firing into the woods at random. My brother dragged me back behind the crest of the hill and threw himself on top of me. Thankfully our position on top of the hill we were protected from any gunfire.

They shot maybe 5 or 6 more times and then started walking back the direction they had come. They got maybe 100 yards away when I heard a blaring siren and saw emergency lights flashing through the woods. Turns out my brother had called the Forest Service Office on a satellite phone my family has for emergencies while I was asleep and they had sent out Forest Service officers and game wardens to our area of the wilderness. The Sipsey Wilderness is about 25,000 acres in size so it took them awhile to get there on the dirt roads.

When we saw the game warden truck my brother signaled them with the light and pointed them in the direction the hunters had gone and the guy sped off shining his spotlight through the woods.

As soon as they were all gone we went back to our camp, packed up our shit and waited by the path for the game warden to come back, who then gave us a ride in his truck bed back to the main staging area.

On the drive back my brother told me how brave I had been and that we would talk about it with our parents the next day if I wanted to. I asked him not to do that because I thought they might never let me go camp again.

Creepy rednecks in the woods, lets not meet again, you might get shot next time.

Follow up: We never got any definitive information on what happened to the rednecks we encountered. I have many friends who have gone out to the Sipsey area and had a great time with no creepy stuff going on. However it is truly a "wilderness" area and law enforcement response (if you can even reach them) would be slow. I was lucky that my brother was there and reacted so quickly otherwise who knows what could have happened. We also got lucky that whatever their intentions were, they either reconsidered or lost interest. I will note that when they left our camp the game warden showed up pretty soon afterwards but I didn't see what the guys and their dogs did. If I remember correctly they headed in a direction parallel to the stream, away from the trail inaccessible to any kind of vehicle. Maybe the warden continued on and took another trail to try and cut them off? We waited around 30 minutes for him to come back and he said there were other officers out looking. There are only so many paths that you could take a truck or quad bike down so any thorough search effort would also have to be done on foot.

A true, very creepy surveillance story

/u/coolvy

I was living with my parents and sister in Brisbane, Australia at the time (2008, which means I was 19). I remember my dad had just got Foxtel (cable TV in Australia) but only the TV in the lounge room could use the cable box, and I really wanted to somehow get the cable in my room without paying $99 or whatever for a new box. So dad one day went out and bought an AV transmitter/receiver. It was basically a two piece bit of hardware where you would plug this tiny box into the cable TV in the lounge room and it would transmit a video signal to the receiver, connected to the TV in my room. So one Saturday, I decided to connect it.

My younger sister (16 at the time) was the only other person home at the time, upstairs in her room (my room was downstairs). I opened the box, and connected it up. At first I was going back and forth, trying to get the cables right, trying to get the channel right etc., but no luck. Until I finally got something. I remember just sitting there and something started fuzzing in (this is where things start to feel like a horror movie). I remember thinking "oh here we go" and waiting to see the picture come in clearly. As it started fuzzing in, I remembered that this whole time the cable set top box wasn't even on, and that's why it wasn't working this whole time. "But then why was I getting a signal?" It seemed to all hit me at once. As I realized the box was off, the picture fuzzed in, and I saw a bed.

I FREAKED the fuck out, as at first I thought it was my bed. I had recently seen Saw 2, and remembered that scene where she turns on the TV and it's a camera filming her in her apartment. That was the first thing I thought of. I sprinted upstairs to my sister, absolutely terrified. I told her to come down and take a look. She came down and we both realized it wasn't my bed. We didn't know whose bed it was, or how I was getting the signal. Obviously it was the Av receiver picking up a camera signal, but we were just so confused as to who/what it was for.

Eventually my parents came home, and we concluded that it must be a neighbor, or someone living close by, for us to be receiving the signal. We waited around until about 6pm, and then someone came into the room.

My dad recognized it as one of our neighbors. We still didn't know what the camera was for, but we assumed it had something to do with fidelity. Either his wife or he had set it up to watch the other and see if they were cheating. Either this, or it was to tape themselves having sex. We entertained the idea that he was a murderer and would film himself murdering people in his room, but just to freak each other out. We'd always make jokes about how one night we'll turn it on and it'll just be his face with clown make up on staring at the camera waving, and then him walking out of the bedroom with a knife. This never happened. But what did happen was still super creepy.

We connected to this signal for over a week, but after a few days the novelty kinda wore off. We felt a bit weird watching it, and just resigned to the explanation that it was to catch his wife cheating. Until one day, we turned it on, and realized what we had discovered.

Our neighbors were having a bunch of renovations done to their house. During weekdays they would be out, and there would be workers at the place pretty much all day. It had been like this for over a month. We started watching the feed and saw a man walk into their room. It was the plumber that had been there regularly for the renovations. We didn't think anything of it, until he start opening drawers. I called out to my mum (only person home at the time) and we started watching it. He started getting the wife's underpants and sniffing them, doing all that creepy shit. At first we were like "oh my god, how embarrassing, he's being filmed. Will the neighbors see this somehow?" but then what happened next what truly terrifying.

He slowly walked over to the camera and look right down the fucking lens. We were CONVINCED that he knew we were watching. Mum immediately called dad. I kept watching. He started fiddling with it and then put it back down. I told mum that I don't think he knew we were watching, but he's definitely the guy that put the camera there. Dad came home, and by this time the plumber had left. Much to mums pleading, dad went over to the neighbors to tell them what we saw. Mum wanted to completely stay out of it and was terrified, understandably. When we told the neighbors, they had NO IDEA what we were talking about. They allowed dad to go up to their room, and what he found (that was holding the camera) was an installed device in the wall that was designed to monitor water usage (which was completely normal, at the time, as Brisbane had been hit with a drought recently and there were lots of water restrictions, still is now I think). The plumber had installed this into the wall, but had fitted a camera behind it in the wall to watch the bed.

Immediately they called the police, who came over and conducted an investigation. For the next week or so we didn't hear much about it. I spent most of this time just telling my friends, showing them pictures, but truthfully my whole family was scared every night. It was just very creepy thinking that we could have stuff like that hidden in our house. Chances are we didn't, but it was still really scary. After a couple of weeks my mum was speaking to the wife next door and asked what happened with it all. The wife said that the police found out he would, at nights, come to our street and sit in his car (which had really tinted windows) and watch them on his laptop. When mum told me this I got the BIGGEST shivers. The reason was (besides the obvious of a creepy dude sitting his car watching people through a hidden camera) was because on multiple nights, when I had driven home late from my girlfriends or walked home drunk after a night out, I remember seeing a station wagon (don't know if that's what they're called outside of Australia, but it's like a big hatchback car) always about 30m down the street from our house. It was never there during the day, always at night. I'd always walk past it and look at my reflection in the windows, assuming no one was inside. I was always so confused by whose car it was but literally never thought it was anything.

It still scares me so much that it was just this creepy fucking plumber sitting back in there on a laptop watching a hidden camera stream of my neighbors.

Anyway, that's my story. It's all true, and still creeps me out to this day, but my friends and I have a good laugh about it.

The Smiling Man

/u/blue_tidal

About five years ago I lived downtown in a major city in the US. I've always been a night person, so I would often find myself bored after my roommate, who was decidedly not a night person, went to sleep. To pass the time, I used to go for long walks and spend the time thinking.

I spent four years like that, walking alone at night, and never once had a reason to feel afraid. I always used to joke with my roommate that even the drug dealers in the city were polite. But all of that changed in just a few minutes of one evening.

It was a Wednesday, somewhere between one and two in the morning, and I was walking near a police patrolled park quite a ways from my apartment. It was a quiet night, even for a week night, with very little traffic and almost no one on foot. The park, as it was most nights, was completely empty.

I turned down a short side street in order to loop back to my apartment when I first noticed him. At the far end of the street, on my side, was the silhouette of a man, dancing. It was a strange dance, similar to a waltz, but he finished each "box" with an odd forward stride. I guess you could say he was dance-walking, headed straight for me.

Deciding he was probably drunk, I stepped as close as I could to the road to give him the majority of the sidewalk to pass me by. The closer he got, the more I realized how gracefully he was moving. He was very tall and lanky, and wearing an old suit. He danced closer still, until I could make out his face. His eyes were open wide and wild, head tilted back slightly, looking off at the sky. His mouth was formed in a painfully wide cartoon of a smile. Between the eyes and the smile, I decided to cross the street before he danced any closer.

I took my eyes off of him to cross the empty street. As I reached the other side, I glanced back... and then stopped dead in my tracks. He had stopped dancing and was standing with one foot in the street, perfectly parallel to me. He was facing me but still looking skyward. Smile still wide on his lips.

I was completely and utterly unnerved by this. I started walking again, but kept my eyes on the man. He didn't move.

Once I had put about half a block between us, I turned away from him for a moment to watch the sidewalk in front of me. The street and sidewalk ahead of me were completely empty. Still unnerved, I looked back to where he had been standing to find him gone. For the briefest of moments I felt relieved, until I noticed him. He had crossed the street, and was now slightly crouched down. I couldn't tell for sure due to the distance and the shadows, but I was certain he was facing me. I had looked away from him for no more than 10 seconds, so it was clear that he had moved fast.

I was so shocked that I stood there for some time, staring at him. And then he started moving toward me again. He took giant, exaggerated tip toed steps, as if he were a cartoon character sneaking up on someone. Except he was moving very, very quickly.

I'd like to say at this point I ran away or pulled out my pepper spray or my cellphone or anything at all, but I didn't. I just stood there, completely frozen as the smiling man crept toward me.

And then he stopped again, about a car length away from me. Still smiling his smile, still looking to the sky.

When I finally found my voice, I blurted out the first thing that came to mind. What I meant to ask was, "What the fuck do you want?!" in an angry, commanding tone. What came out was a whimper, "What the fuu…?"

Regardless of whether or not humans can smell fear, they can certainly hear it. I heard it in my own voice, and that only made me more afraid. But he didn't react to it at all. He just stood there, smiling.

And then, after what felt like forever, he turned around, very slowly, and started dance-walking away. Just like that. Not wanting to turn my back to him again, I just watched him go, until he was far enough away to almost be out of sight. And then I realized something. He wasn't moving away anymore, nor was he dancing. I watched in horror as the distant shape of him grew larger and larger. He was coming back my way. And this time he was running.

I ran too.

I ran until I was off of the side road and back onto a better lit road with sparse traffic. Looking behind me then, he was nowhere to be found. The rest of the way home, I kept glancing over my shoulder, always expecting to see his stupid smile, but he was never there.

I lived in that city for six months after that night, and I never went out for another walk. There was something about his face that always haunted me. He didn't look drunk, he didn't look high. He looked completely and utterly insane. And that's a very, very scary thing to see.

I’m her uncle!

/u/Poppyf

This was when I was maybe 14/15 (I'm 17 now) and I am female. Just so you know, I was probably around 5'3 and 100lbs at the time.

So yeah, I was with two of my friends (one male one female) at a large kids playground behind a supermarket. We were right at the top of one of these huge jungle gym rope things. The one I was on had little platform things and we were chilling on one of them eating ice cream and people watching. It was a fairly hot day, not like Indian summer but enough so people were in sundresses and shorts and the like. My friends are engaged in conversation and I'm sort of scanning around just watching and judging people. Right at the edge of the park there's a bench, and on it I see some guy sitting there.

I don't know exactly why but I just got some dodgy feeling from him. He didn't fit it... It was a hot day and he was there all in black, like cargo trousers and bomber jacket type thing. He had sort of olive skin, like maybe from Saudi Arabia that kind of color. I notice he's staring really intently at something, so I follow his gaze to a small child sitting alone on the floor of the park, just running her hands through the sand and shit like that. The park is busy but she's alone, no one is close enough to be a friend or family if that makes sense. She's maybe 1 and a half, or possibly 2 years old, ginger hair, pretty as a picture, I mean this kid looks like a freakin' stock photo.

So back to this guy. He was just staring, watching her really creepily, and I'm like trying to rationalize it in my head. I am well aware that a child's skin color does not always match their parents, but I'm pretty sure this isn't her dad. This girl is white as snow, almost albino like, not even a hint of mixed race in her. Maybe he's a babysitter, family friend, adoptive parent, I don't know. But something about him massively gives me the creeps. He's switching between staring at this kid and tapping away on his mobile, and occasionally holding his phone up as if he's taking photos of the girl.

Suddenly this little girl bursts into tears, for an unknown reason. Where I'm from its very common if a small child is crying for a passing female (NEVER male) to pick up and comfort

the kid, so I go climbing down this rope thing and start walking over to the girl. As I do, the man gets up and sort of power walks over to her, swoops down and picks her up. Hmm, bit weird. I start talking to this guy, just to check everything's as it should be.

This is the conversation:

Me: Aw, she's cute. Is she your daughter?

Him: Um… No.

Me: Oh right... You babysitting or something?

Him: No... I'm, uhh... Her uncle. Yeah.

(Does it take that long to remember how you know this kid? Alarm bells ringing now, I'm gonna test him)

Me: Ah, okay. What's her name?

<pause>

Him: ...Lucy.

Me (to the kid): Well hey, sweetie! My name's Poppy. What's yours?

Okay, I never studied Child Talk, but I heard something along the lines of Eva. Whatever it was, it wasn't even fucking close to Lucy. So something in my head is screaming get the kid.

As I'm talking to the girl, this guy is sort of looking around, not like 'oh it's a beautiful day look at the scenery' more like the look you do when you forgot where you parked your car, but shiftier. He looks as if he's gonna run. Shits getting real right here. I'm thinking on my feet, so I wait till he's doing his little scenery scan and just go "oh look she wants a cuddle!" and grab her right out of his arms. I've got her sitting on my hip now, and I'm clinging on to her like she's my oxygen. He realizes what's happened and just turns and slowly walks away. Like, if you're her uncle you'd be fighting and screaming to get the kid back and he just disappears.

My heart is pumping like mad and this girl is just sitting there obviously oblivious to the danger she was in. After standing for a minute or two regaining my composure, I start circling the park thinking someone will recognize her. As I'm walking I'm going to her "sweetie, where's your daddy? Is he here? Where's daddy?" And she's going 'dadadadada'... Helpful.

Then this fairly old lady, maybe 65 comes over cooing over her and the girl outstretches her arms so it's pretty clear she knows this old biddy. Me: is this your daughter? Lady: oh gosh no! This is my granddaughter! I hand her over and I'm like 'by the way, what's her name?' Thankfully this woman goes 'Ava.' I'm breathing a sigh of relief by this point. I say something along the

lines of “There was a guy with her over there saying he's her uncle, he's left now” before turning and walking away. I have no idea what this lady was thinking when she heard that but yeah.

TL;DR took a small child out of the arms of a possible perv/criminal.

I was an accidental creeper

/u/blaintopel

23/m at the time of this story.

Sometimes when I go a long time without talking to anyone my voice comes out quite weird when I finally do talk. Most of the time I remember to clear my throat or something but sometimes I'll just start talking, and it will sound weird.

So one such occasion I was riding the metro home to College Park, MD. I worked in DC at the time and my ride home was usually around an hour. On the train there was a cute girl. I try not to constantly look at girls on the train because I don't want to make anyone feel uncomfortable. It seemed though like every time I did glance at this girl, she looked right back at me immediately afterward. I was hoping that she kept looking at me because she thought I was cute or something too, but was worried that, due to coincidence, every time she checked to see if I was looking at her I was, and that it would seem like I was just constantly staring at her.

I finally got to my stop around 11pm. I was the only person that got off the train at this stop, except for the cute girl. At the College Park metro station there is a large parking garage where I had parked my car. I had gone to work late in the day so my car was parked on the 4th floor.

I got onto the elevator and noticed the cute girl was already in it with me. She pressed the number '2'. I thought to myself that she must be either extremely lazy or tired to take the elevator one floor. As if she read my mind she answered, saying "It's not that I'm lazy, it's just that the stairs can be pretty scary at night."

Now this is where my inactive throat thing comes in, and trust me when I say I have absolutely no idea why I said this. I turned to her and said in a very gargled low voice "The elevator can be a pretty scary place too sometimes" and then kind of got a tickle in my throat and started clearing it, but it could have sounded like grunting. At that moment the elevator got to her floor and she just BOOKED IT.

If you're out there cute girl, I had no intention of raping and murdering you that night, and I'm really sorry.